

105. 2099\_Hall Diary - P1

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall,  
taken from the New York Times of Oct. 18, 1922.

"Dear Heart: How good it was of you to  
accompany me to the dentist yesterday.  
Things would have been different if you had  
not been along. There was no pain during  
the extraction and none following."



Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from  
the New York Journal of October 18, 1928.

"Dearest, dearest boy. Wasn't I happy to find a  
sweet note, for I didn't expect that you would risk  
leaving one for me yesterday. Such delicious ecclairs.

"And the back is more interesting than you tho't.  
it would be. After I read it, we will talk about it.

"My darling, how well you seem today. I must have  
caught a cold, but I don't know when, and I am tired today-  
want to lie with you and rest for hours.

"And honey, you put the dear picture in my hymn  
book. Oh, you sweet, adorable babykins of mine. Minnie  
used my hymnal for the organ and I wonder if she saw  
them, although I don't care one bit. She provokes me so  
at times, and tonight if her flowers are still here, I'll  
put them in the kitchen. Not that I am jealous of Minnie.  
Why, darling, there isn't anything to be jealous of. But I  
hate her to do for you what I tho't of first. She couldn't  
swear I put the flowers on your desk- she surmises it was I.  
Oh, well, poor Minnie. She is easily contented with crumbs,  
isn't she, dear?

"How are you tonight, darling? You seemed rested  
and happy. We didn't have a minute alone, but it will  
appear so at times.

"Dearest, I am not dreaming today. As I look out  
of the window I form no thought in my mind-just a drifting  
on, staring at nothing in particular, and I always do  
that when I am tired. The note I left yesterday was  
crumpled but I have to hide it in my small orange purse,  
as I met him. And please excuse hastiness in writing  
sometimes, as I cannot be alone always. How glad I am  
school resumes sessions tomorrow, and I can be along to  
write! I could never belong to a club or go where there  
is incessant laughter and conversation. I need my dream  
times, my hours alone and other people irritate and disturb  
me.

"There isn't much of interest in the paper today.  
One line in an article says 'all life is a hunger', and  
how true that is. A hunger for what will satisfy but what  
a variety of tastes in people. And because of you and I  
hunger for the same things is the reason for our longing  
to be together as much as possible.



"My love is deep, calm, quiet today. I am in the mood to listen to music.

"Yesterday I was talking to Mrs. Burns. Couldn't pass and not listen, as she was ready for conversation. She was saying someone next to Hopkins was married yesterday and they were queer people. Told Mrs. Hopkins they live in a different world than some people. Mrs. Burns it too ignorant to understand that, of course, and my! I wish you heard what disrespectful language Mrs. B. used. But I let her rave. I hate to talk to Mrs. Burns, and never do if I can avoid it, but at times I must be polite, even if it is to listen to her ignorance.

"And honey mine -isn't it true I live in a different world? Today I am not wide-awake. I am not sad-but quiet. Yesterday I was rollicking. Oh, I love those moods-they mean intense life fire.

"Oh, darling, if I had an income of my own I would be very selfish I guess. I'd build a waiting love nest where I could dream unmolested and not care if I ever saw people to talk to. Books and music, pictures, Oh, what treasures I would have.

"The birds, the butterflies, the wildsquirrels and all that I could see in the woods and fields and sky in my dreams. People would mean nothing. I'd rather watch the bugs and ants as they crawl along-don't you love to watch an ant as it creeps along. Honey, there isn't a home large enough for me. My dreams are as big as the earth. I need the great outdoors-to breathe-to live in. Nature, as God created it, is what I feel a part of-it calls me just as I yearn for the truest things. And darling sweetheart-that is why I long for our love to be the truest-ideal-as sure as we can make it-for then it is truest to nature and things that God created.

"But this love nest, you know, dearie, is dreadfully lonesome with just me there. Did he say we needed jewels? Did he say we needed anything except the mate? After that He knows we would find other things that He created for our comfort and pleasure. <sup>all</sup>What a joy to read the Bible, how it tells of God creating/wonders for us?

"Darling, I could rave for hours-but I must stop, as there are peepers around. I only know this, dear, that as God the Creator is real, true, nature is real-true, so our love is the most vital power the truest joy that can be known in this life and the hereafter. Please don't laugh at this. I know I'm a crazy cat, but I can't be different.



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"Charlotte talks-then Don asks questions, then he annoys, so how can I write.

(Unaddressed and unsigned)



Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from  
New York Times, October 18, 1922.

"Dearest, how fast I can read. And remember, too. Honey mine, what a lot there is to talk about after reading the book.

"Pamela is clever, the kind of woman that keeps a man guessing. She knew she loved Chris from the beginning-she saw in Cecil what Chris loved-would she really have let him touch her body or would she recoil at the last moment and be disgusted or disappointed in him. She meant to have him, fair or foul-and she was too clever to let Cecil have him-for didn't she read he was a man worth having? But not until Cecil made him so. He is the winner, for Cecil's great, pure love made him perfect, but not for Cecil. For Pamela.

"And Cecil's great all-knowing love told her he was unworthy of her loving. Perhaps if she had never known of his trek with Pam (although she would have found out the real Chris sometime) she would cast everything aside and take what she thought she was getting, a true, noble Chris. But he wasn't then. Love made him what he was in the end-a true lover-but in finding himself he lost what he prized most-Cecil's wonder love. Oh, of course, he was true to Cecil physically, but he was tempted; and a real man can never be. How I hated him. Surely across the darkness of the night Cecil's God was guarding her-her love made her realize why she told Chris to wait. He was unworthy of such a complete love. He was more to her than God-the child. Humans forget sometimes God is watching and guiding.

"How completely she loved-but the true voice of that great love showed her the truth that Chris wasn't worthy. Her ideals she would always cherish and love the Chris she thought he was, but he dragged himself thro the mud, tempted by physical passion and so deserved to lose Cecil, altho she would love him forever. And Cecil was clever. She knew by having another child she would see her duty to Hugh and not for a weak moment be blinded into going away with Chris, and so she used that way to prevent herself.

"Pamela got him, but with his ideal love burned into his heart and soul forever. Pam is a snake. Why, dearie, you know in life if a girl wanted, as she wanted Chris, she wouldn't save herself for him. They all smoke and drink tea incessantly. If I should read three pages of a book without knowing the author's name, I'd know it was Keable's. Pam thought she was clever but was she? If Chris had taken her offer, he would hate Pam in the morning. I can easily see that a man would be weak. But in life, dear, you know there are many things to reckon with. How would her father take to her living with Chris? Wouldn't she have children?

"Dearie-it is late-there is so much to talk about in the book. We must take it with us when we ride and talk about it, especially the marked places. This man Keable certainly knows people's hearts. I love Chris and Cecil's few hours together, how he vows he will kiss her before leaving Mallory's. Oh, it is sweet, darling-but nothing compared to our love. How they linger behind the others. Their love vows and how they rush into each other's arms.



"Take the book with you-or else I will leave it in your room. I don't want to read such books again ever. Why? You know. They make me dream. Yearning for perhaps what I miss in this life. And to think that now and forever I will never escape this longing until our souls are at last one. I hate to come back to realities-as I always have to. Reading books (oh, I love them) makes me yearn and as much as I love it-why does it pain to have to come back to even taking food for nourishment. So I long for the time when I will have you forever and dreams, dreams-no yearnings.

"All earth's longings now fulfilled!" Yesterday I was happy, in a way. On the boat and in the water. But on the way home I was thinking hard. Darling, it is as if we had a glimpse of what our souls cry out for and then be denied again. And I feel as tho I never want to hear you say again, "I love you", or caress or kiss me so hard it hurts. You haven't any right to and then wake me up. Or is it myself? When anyone else calls you endearing names and you say "dear", it is far more merciful of you to stab me. How can I even call you darling as I have this morning.

"Oh, I ought not to make it harder for you-but that it what you do to me and I am not repaying, just stating what is the truest fact. You say we are favored by having such a great love. But always-it is ~~ever~~ so and will ever be-we must always take the bitter with the sweet. And I hope I don't see you today.

"What is the use when you always leave me? Oh, my darling babykins-what a muddle we are in. But I will be content-I will."



Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall,  
taken from the New York Times of October 18, 1922.

"Dearest, dearest boy of mine, good morning!

"What joy and peace is ours today. And strength.  
How gracious God is to privilege us to know this  
most joyous greatest blessing.

"Precious true heart, I will write this afternoon  
when I will have more time.

"I am on my knees, darling, looking up at my  
noble man, worshipping, adoring.

"Wonder of wonders-that I love you even more than  
yesterday-more fragrant, this love of ours."



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Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall,  
taken from the New York Times of October 18, 1922.

"Six o'clock.

"Oh, darling, darling mine, what painful hours today. When I got back from church, in addition to my pain I was so troubled about you. As I told you, I didn't speak a word to anyone, got undressed and sat in a rocker, no peace anywhere. I guess I was weak from the pain and no sleep last night. Soon I became drowsy and lay down and slept for an hour. When I awoke it was torture dear, I cannot tell you how it has pained. I was alone then and had no one to telephone to you.

"Oh, dear, I knew you would be anxious and disappointed, but darling I walked the floor until 4:30. Haven't read the paper, haven't eaten anything. I said, Oh, he will know I am suffering and cannot come up. When I came back from Miss Opie's I was sicker than before as you were disappointed. I can hardly cry. Although now the pain isn't as continuous as it was, it ceases for about ten minutes.

"I wish someone would be merciful to me and give me something to put me to sleep, to forget. Forget you were disappointed-  
~~how you felt this morning and get some relief from this~~  
constant pain. I never felt so miserable as I do now. You asked me did I want you to come. Honey mine, I was needing you as only you know-but he was here and I said not to come. Tomorrow I believe I'll walk miles and be alone. Darling, can I bear it. My ear aches, too. The pain goes to the top of my head. Worse than before, for I am sick over the disappointment of not seeing you. It pains so at times I stumble in walking around here and almost fell. Why it doesn't turn your mind I don't know, altho truly, dear, it isn't as painful as it was.

"I want you-your arms to hold me and fold me close, if only to forget this pain for a moment. Nothing will cure me now but that. I was tempted to drink enough to put me to sleep, but I am strong enough to realize it would do unseable harm to the kidney.

"Dearest, give me some word of comfort. Tell me you know I was wild to come to you this afternoon, but I couldn't. It will take hours for the pain of disappointment to leave me. My darling, who cares every moment and suffers with me. Just to look at you tonight will be a relief and joy.

"I don't care how much it pains, I will bear it and come to meet you."



Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from  
the New York American, dated October 18, 1922.

"I don't know why I feel this way today-it will pass as you know. God, I know. Oh I know that as much as I know you are my true heart that He is watching and caring and we are never alone. He is always near-in whatever we do, even in physical closeness. He is near for we know He meant his children to taste deeply of ALL things.

"Was Pam religious? Did she feel God? Chris was Cecile's mate no more than you. The Chris she thought he was, he was her true mate.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life,-and if he knew that then there would be no Paneless for him but a prayerful life-a desire to be like his always forever beloved Cecil.

"Ask me any part of the book and I will remember it. Pam's mother was English. (Page 49).

"I have much work I ought to do, but I can't today. I must wait until this mood passes and I come down to earth again. Do I love you too much? I know that now I could leave, yes, even your physical presence, and go into a convent. You are always in my mind and heart, but, then, I wouldn't see anyone else touch you, call you 'dear', rub your tired body, sew your torn trousers.

"Oh, darling, I don't ever want to call you 'dear' or 'honey' if anyone else can. Aren't you glad that none but you can call me dear names?

"One time I told you I hated your work, I hated your parish. I guess it is because I am jealous of it, because it must always come first in your life. Not because of conventions-no-but because you love it so. When the man at the gate at Manhattan Beach called you "doctor" and I, without looking at you (I'm a witch) knew it thrilled you, the kind of a thrill that brings tears of joy to your eyes.

"Oh, I know it because you are a true priest-born for it. And because that is your supreme joy and satisfaction I am merely your physical inspiration and you see in me what you teach, you the priest."



Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from the  
New York American of October 18, 1922.

The following is an excerpt from letter No.4

"I don't want to stay for service. I haven't unlocked the doors as I was asked to and kept my word. But it seems as though I am unworthy to do other things I was asked.

"Of course, it has hurt me. Perhaps again I don't understand-you have had time to do them. Well, it doesn't matter one bit what comes. I had a simple greeting but did not leave it. I cannot stay to such a service when our hearts are bitter. But since it is a duty of the church I think the truest way is to forget all about yourself and do what the church bids, forgetting everything but that you are the priest. "

(This ends No.4)



Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from the  
New York American of October 18, 1922.

"Dearest, darling boy, I love you most as you love me as you do today-not so much physically, but prayerfully-exalted and you see, darling, the physical fits in and doesn't dominate, yet it was there just the same-not to be denied-never.

"Dearest, believe me, won't you? Never will I say you want my body rather than me-what I really am. I know that if you love me you will long and ache for my body. Have I ever tempted you, dear? Have I ever made you want me? I never wanted to.

"Dearest, there isn't a man who can even make me smile. As you said today, our hearts are true as steel. I'm not pretty, I know there are girls with shapely bodies, but I'm not caring what they have.

"I have the greatest of all blessings-a noble man, deep true eternal love and my heart is his-my life is his-all I have is his-poor as my body is-scrawny my skin may be-but I am his forever. Honey, I feel awfully lonesome for you tonight. I want to talk to you. I feel so full of thoughts. Why do I cry so-oh, it pains to cry. I will hate the winter nights. Then I dream of curling up in a chair with you-oh, what dreams I have. Will it ever be? God knows best, dear. It is eleven and I must get some rest as I expect to be up early about six to pack the lunch."



Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from the  
New York American of October 18, 1922.

"My dear, dear boy. When I said I would leave a note I forgot that it might not be wise, but I may take a chance for I cannot have you disappointed even though it isn't much.

"Deary, what a gay, happy girl I am today-and yesterday too. I love your dear note of last night and went to sleep happy after reading it. Of all the people that I know, no one understands me but you, but of course I have never shown my real self to others.

"One never can, except to the person they truly love.

"How impatient I am and will be. I want to look up into your dear face for hours as you touch my body close. Honey, do you suppose we could start early in the morning and not return until the following night late-say ten or eleven.

"Darling, do you yearn for it as I do?

"When will it be dear, the last night of this month?

"I guess I'd better not leave this, but give it to you tomorrow. I am looking over toward the trees by the elms and dreaming. Darling, my life is nothing except I have all your love. Dear, that is why I never get discouraged or discontented if I am not blessed with material things. I have the greatest gift and blessing and I do not need anything else.

"I am holding my sweetbabykin's face in my hands and looking deep into his heart and reading there the message that makes me live, gives me strength and life.

"Oh, honey, I am fiery today. Burning, flaming love. It seems ages since I saw my babykins' bodies and kissed every bit of you.

"It is 3:30 and he hasn't returned. I may wait until he comes back, and then I can be sure you will get this.

"Goodnight my true heart. I never buy such goodies as you do for me-but if we go on a picnic I will make whatever you like to eat so tell me what to make.

"Words-notes are useless. But I worship you my darling, yes, more than ever I need to.

"That is all."